

her servants and hunted around to obtain honest work. Her hands were soft and useless for hard work, and it was hard to get honest work. It is harder today than it was then, I guess, for any such person, but she got it at last. It was not what she had been used to, but after she had been at it three or four weeks she was coming home one night with her day's wages in her hand, her body bruised, heartbroken and wearied. She had been accustomed to no hard work of this kind, and as she went along no one would recognize her, passing through the crowd of those who had known her before, hooted at by men who perhaps were the very men who had betrayed her. Suddenly she looked into a house and stopped again. She took another look. It was in the great doorway of a rich man's house. She was looking right across the courts into the dining room, and there was the one that she had seen before. He stood there under such peculiar circumstances that her blood came and went, and you could hear her lips mutter. Oh, but she was troubled! Jesus Christ was in the rich man's home. He was there by personal invitation. He met the rich man's friends, but how was he there? He was there despised, patronized, neglected, as it is in so many rich men's homes in this city today. It is all right enough. The rich people don't want to go to hell. They have Christ to save them from hell, but that is all they want to do with him.

The Time For Grace.

These friends are well curried and well fed. Their hair was well kempt, their clothes brushed, and all that. And there he stood with the dust of travel upon his hair and clothes and despised among all that great company. I tell you, friends, if you will but hear the news, Jesus is here tonight. He is here willing and ready to save. This woman saw the sight, and she ran to her little home and went to the corner of her house where she had put all her earnings and scraped them all together, and taking them in her hands ran back into the street straight to an apothecary shop, and putting down all the money on a table said, "Give me the best box of ointment you have." He looked at her and looked at the money, and reaching up his hands took the very best that he had and gave it to her. She hid it in her dress and passed out and made her way straight into the rich man's house. She asked nobody. When she got there, falling at his feet, she bathed them in her tears and wiped them with her hair. She then poured the ointment upon them and kissed them. And the rich man looked on with pure disgust, and he said, "If this man were a prophet, he would know what manner of woman this is that kisses his feet, for every one in this city knows that she is a sinner." And Jesus perceived in his heart what he said, and he spoke to him: "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto you. There was a certain creditor had two debtors, and one owed him 500 pence and the other 50, and when they had nothing to pay he freely forgave them both. Which of these two debtors loved his lord the most?" Simon answered, "He to whom the most is forgiven." "Thou hast rightly judged, Simon," and turning to the woman he said, "Woman, thy sins are all forgiven thee."

Do you think that woman knew that she was saved? There was the one in all the earth to tell her that she was saved, and when he said these words to her do you think she had any doubt that she was saved? Do you think if any

one had asked her she would have said, "I hope so?" No. When Christ said to her, "Woman, thy sins are all forgiven thee," you may be sure that she had no doubt of it, and this is the time, tonight—it is the time that all this may happen in your souls, for this same Christ that was there at that time is here now. He is here tonight in this assemblage. This is the time for grace, and you must thank him for it. His riches are to be accepted freely; his salvation is absolute and unconditional right now, tonight. Whosoever believeth on him receiveth remission of sins. Take it now. Don't put it off an instant.

HE SIGNED HE PLEDGE.

How a Whisky Drinking Farmer Was Cured of His Evil Habit.

Somewhere lives a farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to reform. "Why," he would say, "I don't like to break off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days when you can't take care of yourself and nobody is near to take you out." Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a glorious frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and after a deal of useless scrambling shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet. "You've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing or you might have drowned."

"Well," she continued after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at every turn of the windlass until, the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here!" he screamed in fury at the last splash; "you're doing that on purpose! I know you are!"

"Well, now, I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more; "didn't you tell me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm 'fraid if I was to bring you up right on a sudden you wouldn't find it wholesome."

The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle and protested that he would sign the pledge on the instant if she would lift him fairly out. This she did and packed him off to "swear in," wet as he was. —Exchange.

Beware of the First Glass.

There are instances where the dreadful drink evil has been brought about by the prescription of physicians, the invalid thus having the habit established before being aware what is done. But these instances are few in comparison to the number of those which result from the apparently innocent glass taken at table or elsewhere. The taste once formed, it may be indulged with all the other tastes—at table, or on the shopping tour, or in the publicity of the restaurant, or in the privacy of the boudoir, where trouble or depression of any sort causes the stimulant to be resorted to with a hope that its temporary exhilaration will tide over the gloom.—Harper's Bazar.

There is something truly pathetic in the struggles of a millionaire trying to dodge the assessor.

CORRESPONDENCE AND POSTAL REPORTS.

COMMENT.

BY JACOB C. CASSEL.

PHILA., Feb. 16, '94.

It is said of King David that he was a man after God's own heart; yet he did some things that God did not approve of. Charles and Horace Yoder are young men after my own heart but I cannot approve of Bro. Horace's views as expressed in EVANGELIST No. 5, concerning the disruption of what was once known as the German Baptist church. He says "I believe I voice the sentiment of the younger members of both churches when I say that associating together as many of us do, having the same belief in matters pertaining to doctrine, and not feeling the bitterness of division entailed upon our fathers, we cannot but wish that we were again one church."

"Surely a great wrong has been committed. Two churches where there should be but one: division where there should be union."

I have before now been confronted with the same views from other young members of our church; this goes to show that some at least of our young folks do not fully comprehend the cause of the division nor appreciate the excuse for the existence of the Brethren church. If the division was purely the result of bitterness, or ill feeling and if it is that same spirit that maintains the separation, the views of our young people are correct and we older ones should purge ourselves from the leaven of bitterness and come together again, but such is not the case, and it devolves upon us who were active participants in the events of ten years ago to demonstrate to the young and new element of the church that it was not personal differences that occasioned the division, but positive disregard of Gospel liberty and justice on the one part, and a love of liberty and justice on the other that caused the split and gave us the grand results we are enjoying to-day.

Divested of all bitterness the difference between the two churches is much greater to-day than it was eight years ago. The Brethren church is a new creation which has never yet ceased to be a revelation to me.

If every member of what at present constitutes the German Baptist church was to pass into oblivion and an entirely new body of people should take up the same principles, system of government, and general practices of that church now, it would be just as objectionable to the thoroughly indoctrinated part of our church as it was in the heat of battle adequate in the past; they have progressed, and so have we, and there are no signs of us being out-distanced for a generation or two to come.

But say you,—What is the difference? Owing to a resolution of our

last Conference which I have possibly already violated it is not my privilege to particularize in the EVANGELIST the objectionable practices of other churches; suffice it to say then that we are a primitive church, that is each local church is her own "judge and jury." We recognize no lords, nor masters except the Supreme. We are therefore upon an equality as all God's children should be "Subject one to the other," as it was in the beginning. This rule may be disregarded sometimes but whenever it is, it is a violation of the acknowledged principles of the Brethren church.

We interpret scripture in its plain and obvious sense, according to established rules of interpretation, a feature which cannot be found in any other church in the universe, and is not yet fully comprehended by many of our own people, but is by long odds the most important distinctive feature of the church. If our young people will study and ponder this point they will soon see that union, or reunion is impossible, if anything there must be conversion, not from willful sin, but from a lower to a higher: from an inferior to a superior position. If all men interpreted scripture by the same rules that they apply to other literature, there would be an entire obliteration of denominational lines and but one church. This is the only ground of union between the Brethren and other churches.

Our churches are uniform, that is a consistent member of one church is regarded as such by every other church, and received into fellowship whether he hails from the city, or country, east or west. If Bro. Horace were to come east to visit his Philadelphia Brethren and incidentally study Dunkardism thoroughly throughout Pennsylvania, he would find that the same uniformity did not exist every where.

Occupying an advanced position we cannot unite with any other church without turning the wheels of time and progress backward, and multiplying every noble sacrifice that has been made for the establishment of a "Gospel alone" church. The need of a history of the Brethren church becomes more evident every day, indeed it is becoming urgent.

Bro. Horace says, "Surely a great wrong has been committed." A case in point and I am through. As is well known the Brethren church in America was established in Philadelphia, (or rather in Germantown which is now a part of Philadelphia,) over one hundred and fifty years ago, when I joined the German Baptist church here eighteen years ago, which was the direct offspring of the original Brethren church, there were less than one hundred members in it, and those practically dead as far as aggressive work was concerned, and the poor preacher who was to have about four hundred dollars a year had a hard time to get his money, if he ever got it at all. During eight following years the church possibly